Upshot GRAPHICS
PART 1 OF A 3-PART SERIES
$2.00
($2.85 in Canada)

JAN STRNAD & HENRY MAYO

DINOSAUR REX

THE DRAGONS OF SUMMER

JAN STRNAD, *Writer/Editor*
HENRY MAYO, *Artist*
CARRIE SPIEGLE, *Letterer*
TOM LUTH, *Colorist*

WILLIAM MESSNER-LOEBS, *Writer*
DENNIS FUJITAKE, *Artist*
TOM LUTH, *Colorist*
JAN STRNAD, *Editor*

Dale Crain, art director
Carrie Spiegle, logo design
Henry Mayo, color covers
Kim Thompson, production manager
Rachel Enger, circulation director
Printed in the U.S.A. by Dixon Publishing
Color Separations by S*M Graphics

Dinosaur Rex #1 is published by the Upshot Graphics division of Fantagraphics Books, Inc., 4359 Cornell Road, Agoura, CA 91301, Gary Groth and Kim Thompson, publishers. *Dinosaur Rex* is copyright ©1987 Jan Strnad and Henry Mayo. "The Dragons of Summer" is copyright © 1987 William Messner-Loebs and Dennis Fujitake. Any similarity between names, characters, persons, institutions in *Dinosaur Rex* and "The Dragons of Summer," and those of any real persons or institutions is purely coincidental (as if that one's a real worry in *this* particular book!).

DINOSAUR REX

I'VE NEVER KILLED A DINOSAUR IN MY LIFE. IN FACT, I RATHER LIKE THE BRUTES.

AS A CHILD I USED TO FANTASIZE ABOUT BEFRIENDING ONE --TAKING A THORN FROM ITS PAW OR SAVING IT FROM AGONIZING DEATH IN THE TAR PITS.

YES, THIS SHOULD DO. I'LL TAKE ONE.

MAKE IT *TWO.*

AND LOOK AT ME NOW... HEMPSTED WALLOPP, GAZING DOWN A LARGE BORE AT THE HUNTSMAN'S SHOP!

THE WHOLE SITUATION WAS MY *AUNT CELIA'S* FAULT. SHE'D SUMMONED ME AND I'D RESPONDED, THOUGH THE VISIT WAS NOT LIKELY TO BE A PLEASANT ONE.

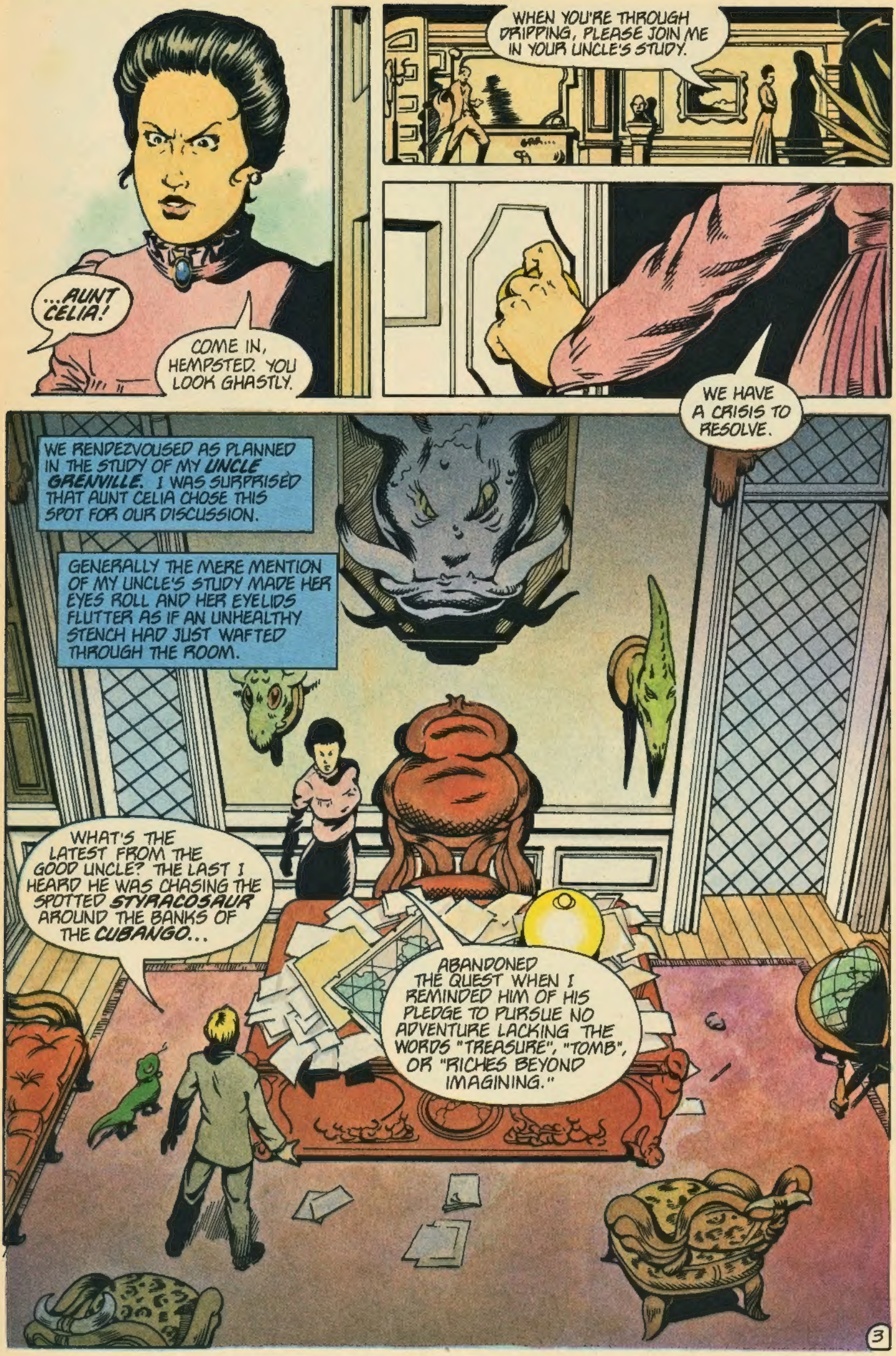
I DIDN'T DARE REFUSE. I APPRECIATED THE ALLOWANCE I RECEIVED FROM AUNT CELIA AND, IN FACT, ITS FAILURE TO MATERIALIZE TWO MONTHS IN A ROW HAD PLACED MY FINANCES IN SOME JEOPARDY...

I'D PREPARED A SHORT LECTURE ON THE SUBJECT...

...OPENING WITH A PITHY COMMENT ABOUT THE DIFFICULTY OF MENDING CONVERTIBLE TOPS WHEN A CHAP'S ALLOWANCE CHECKS ARE SUDDENLY DISAPPEARING LIKE CORPSES IN A MURDER MYSTERY.

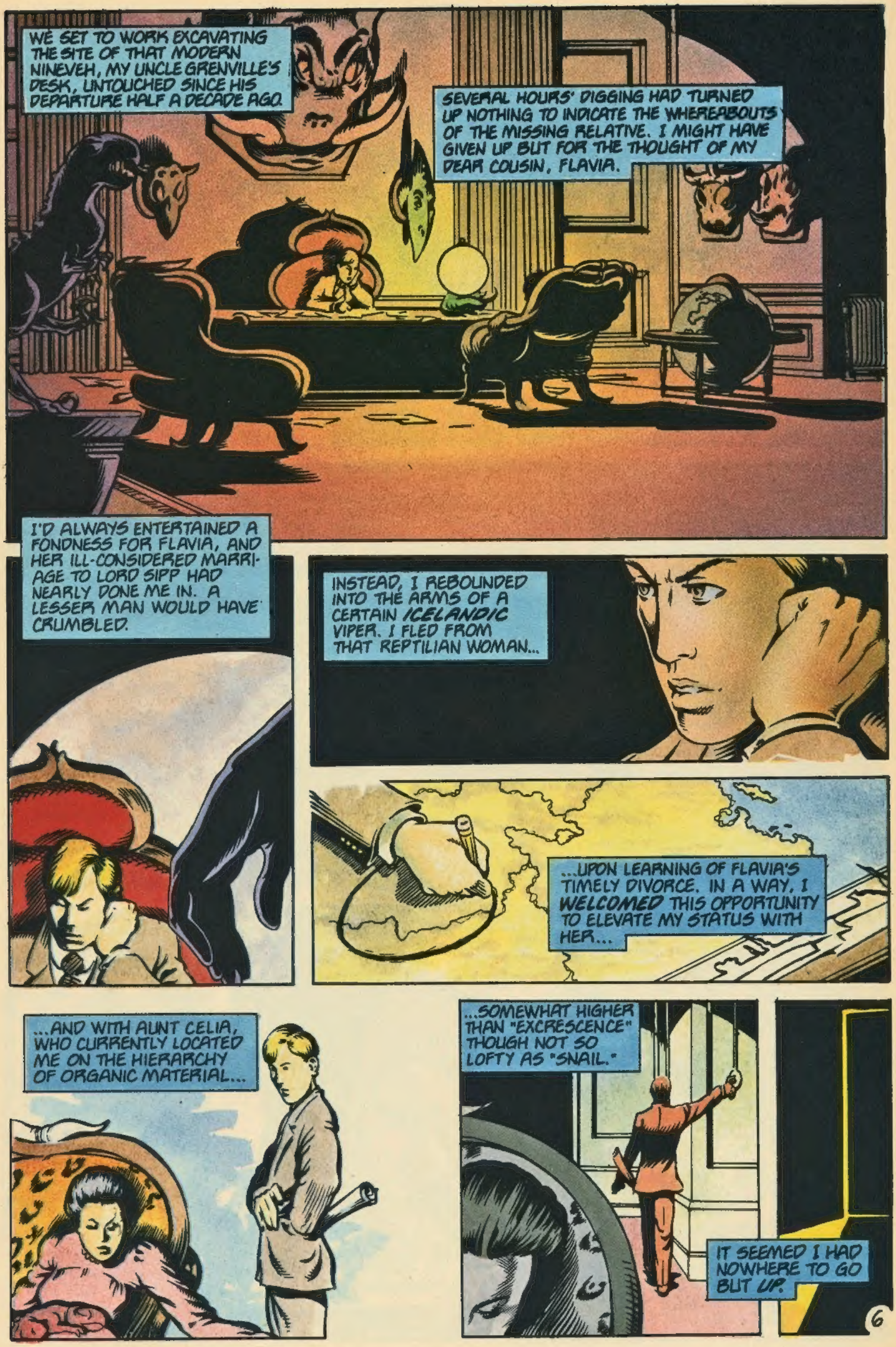
IT SEEMED TO TAKE HOVIS THE BUTLER AN INTERMINABLE PERIOD TO ANSWER MY RING. AND WHEN HE DID...

...IT WASN'T THE WELL-PREENED HOVIS AT ALL BUT THE RATHER IMPOSING FIGURE OF...


...AUNT CELIA!
COME IN, HEMPSTED. YOU LOOK GHASTLY.
WHEN YOU'RE THROUGH DRIPPING, PLEASE JOIN ME IN YOUR UNCLE'S STUDY.
WE HAVE A CRISIS TO RESOLVE.
WE RENDEZVOUSED AS PLANNED IN THE STUDY OF MY UNCLE GRENVILLE. I WAS SURPRISED THAT AUNT CELIA CHOSE THIS SPOT FOR OUR DISCUSSION.
GENERALLY THE MERE MENTION OF MY UNCLE'S STUDY MADE HER EYES ROLL AND HER EYELIDS FLUTTER AS IF AN UNHEALTHY STENCH HAD JUST WAFTED THROUGH THE ROOM.
WHAT'S THE LATEST FROM THE GOOD UNCLE? THE LAST I HEARD HE WAS CHASING THE SPOTTED STYRACOSAUR AROUND THE BANKS OF THE CUBANGO...
ABANDONED THE QUEST WHEN I REMINDED HIM OF HIS PLEDGE TO PURSUE NO ADVENTURE LACKING THE WORDS "TREASURE", "TOMB", OR "RICHES BEYOND IMAGINING."
3

WHICH BRINGS US RATHER NEATLY TO THE HEART OF THE MATTER...
I'M BROKE, HEMPSTED... ABSOLUTELY COBBLES.
OH? FUNNY-- I'M A BIT FINANCIALLY EMBARRASSED MYSELF. MEANT TO SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT THAT.
MY LAST TWO ALLOWANCE CHEQUES...
AS USUAL, THE ESSENCE OF THE SITUATION ELUDES YOU.
I AM NOT A "LITTLE SHORT THIS WEEK", HEMPSTED..I'M BANKRUPT. WITHOUT ASSETS. INSOLVENT.
PENNILESS!
GOOD GOD! YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU HAVEN'T ANY MONEY?
4

PRECISELY THE CONCEPT I WAS GROPING TO CONVEY.
CREDITORS BARK AT EVERY DOOR. UNLESS SOMETHING IS DONE SOON, I SHALL HAVE TO SELL THE ESTATE.
THEN...MY ALLOWANCE IS AT RISK?
YOUR ALLOWANCE IS DEAD, NEPHEW. IT HAS BREATHED ITS LAST.
I FELT LIKE A SPOTTED STYRACOSAUR PIERCED THROUGH THE HEART BY MY UNCLE GRENVILLE. A SILENCE DEEP AS MIDNIGHT ON THE BANKS OF THE CUBANGO SETTLED OVER THE ROOM.
AND WHAT ABOUT COUSIN FLAVIA...?
HAVE YOUR WILD EXTRAVAGANCES LEFT HER DESTITUTE AS WELL?
UNFORTUNATELY, YES. AND SINCE HER DIVORCE FROM LORD SIPP, I'M AFRAID SHE'S IN MUCH THE SAME BOAT AS YOU.
IT'S TIME TO LOOK FOR WORK, HEMPSTED. I HEAR THEY'RE SHORT OF CLERKS AT HARROD'S..
I CAN'T BEAR IT, AUNT CELIA. A LIFE SPENT IN THE ELECTRIC SWEEPER DEPARTMENT IS NO LIFE AT ALL.
NOT EVEN THE ALLURE OF PROMOTION TO CROCKS AND FANCY TINS COULD MAKE THE DAYS ENDURABLE.
THEN THERE'S ONLY ONE ALTERNATIVE, HEMPSTED. WE MUST FIND YOUR UNCLE GRENVILLE.
SOMEWHERE AMONG YOUR UNCLE'S PAPERS IS A CLUE TO HIS PRESENT WHEREABOUTS.
WE MUST PREVAIL ON HIM TO SEND US WHATEVER BOOTY THE AFRICAN CONTINENT HAS YIELDED AND PUT SOME COIN BACK IN THE FAMILY COFFERS.


WE SET TO WORK EXCAVATING THE SITE OF THAT MODERN NINEVEH, MY UNCLE GRENVILLE'S DESK, UNTOUCHED SINCE HIS DEPARTURE HALF A DECADE AGO.
SEVERAL HOURS' DIGGING HAD TURNED UP NOTHING TO INDICATE THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE MISSING RELATIVE. I MIGHT HAVE GIVEN UP BUT FOR THE THOUGHT OF MY DEAR COUSIN, FLAVIA.
I'D ALWAYS ENTERTAINED A FONDNESS FOR FLAVIA, AND HER ILL-CONSIDERED MARRIAGE TO LORD SIPP HAD NEARLY DONE ME IN. A LESSER MAN WOULD HAVE CRUMBLED.
INSTEAD, I REBOUNDED INTO THE ARMS OF A CERTAIN *ICELANDIC* VIPER. I FLED FROM THAT REPTILIAN WOMAN...
...UPON LEARNING OF FLAVIA'S TIMELY DIVORCE. IN A WAY, I *WELCOMED* THIS OPPORTUNITY TO ELEVATE MY STATUS WITH HER...
...AND WITH AUNT CELIA, WHO CURRENTLY LOCATED ME ON THE HIERARCHY OF ORGANIC MATERIAL...
...SOMEWHAT HIGHER THAN "EXCRESCENCE" THOUGH NOT SO LOFTY AS "SNAIL."
IT SEEMED I HAD NOWHERE TO GO BUT *UP*.
6

PARTICLE Dreams

THE MAD EMPRESS

Another dangerous comic from

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

Single copies: $2.75
from Fantagraphics Books
4359 Cornell Road
Agoura, CA 91301

© 1986 Matt Howarth

ON SALE NOW!

THE MAGAZINE THAT ANSWERS ALL YOUR QUESTIONS ABOUT COMING COMICS!

What is **Mike Baron** going to do with **THE FLASH**? Why is **Chris Claremont** leaving **NEW MUTANTS**? Is **Steve Englehart** really taking over the **FANTASTIC FOUR**? What does **Alan Moore** have planned for his last **SWAMP THING**? What's **Bill Sienkiewicz** doing now that **ELEKTRA**'s over? Who's the new team on **BATMAN**—and the new **DOOM PATROL**, for that matter? What is **TABOO**? How many people are publishing **T.H.U.N.D.E.R. AGENTS**? Is **USAGI YOJIMBO** getting his own book? Is **Doug Wildey** going to do some more **JONNY QUEST** stories? And whatever happened to the **MARCH HARE**?

These are only a few of the literally thousands of comics questions answered by the **1987 AMAZING HEROES PREVIEW SPECIAL**! With over 550 comics previewed...over 20 contributing reporters...over 100 pieces of original, never-before-seen art provided by the publishers and creators...ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHT pages jam-packed with information...this is the ONE magazine about comics you CANNOT AFFORD to miss!

So rush to your comics store today—or send in the coupon below—and you'll be the best-informed comics fan on your block (or even in your city)!

☐ I want to know what's going on in the world of comics! Rush me the 1987 **Amazing Heroes Preview Special**, for the low price of $4.95!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

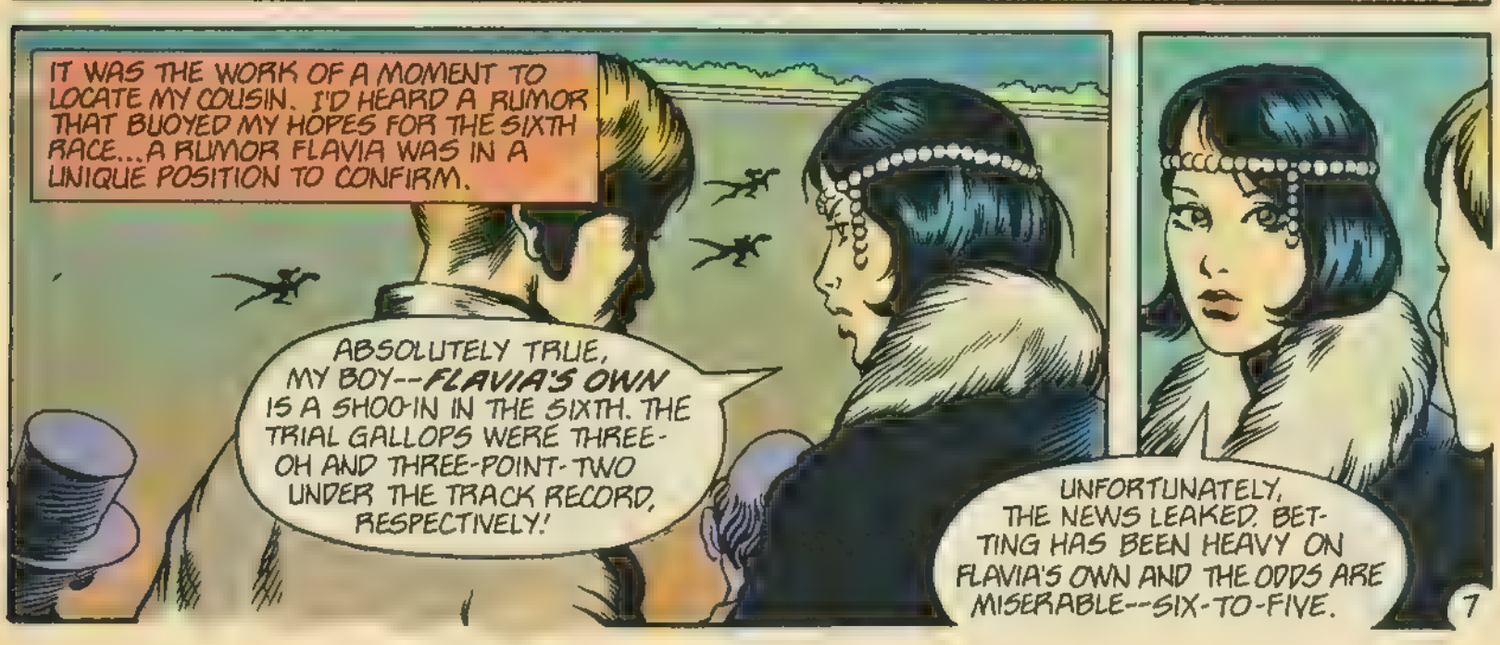
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Send to: **FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS, 4359 Cornell Road, Agoura, CA 91301.**
Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

Look for the great SERGIO ARAGONES/ DAVE SIM jam cover —or send away for your copy of the 1987 AMAZING HEROES PREVIEW SPECIAL today!

Cover © 1986 Sergio Aragones/Dave Sim

AS ANYONE WHO'S EVER LAUNCHED HIMSELF INTO THE WILDS OF AFRICA IN SEARCH OF HIS UNCLE GRENVILLE CAN TELL YOU, SUCH EXPEDITIONS DO NOT COME CHEAP.
THUS, THE NEXT WEEK FOUND ME HAUNTING FAMILIAR GROUNDS-- THE FAMOUS SAURISCHIA DOWNS.
11


IT WAS THE WORK OF A MOMENT TO LOCATE MY COUSIN. I'D HEARD A RUMOR THAT BUOYED MY HOPES FOR THE SIXTH RACE...A RUMOR FLAVIA WAS IN A UNIQUE POSITION TO CONFIRM.
ABSOLUTELY TRUE, MY BOY--FLAVIA'S OWN IS A SHOO-IN IN THE SIXTH. THE TRIAL GALLOPS WERE THREE-OH AND THREE-POINT-TWO UNDER THE TRACK RECORD, RESPECTIVELY!
UNFORTUNATELY, THE NEWS LEAKED. BETTING HAS BEEN HEAVY ON FLAVIA'S OWN AND THE ODDS ARE MISERABLE--SIX-TO-FIVE.

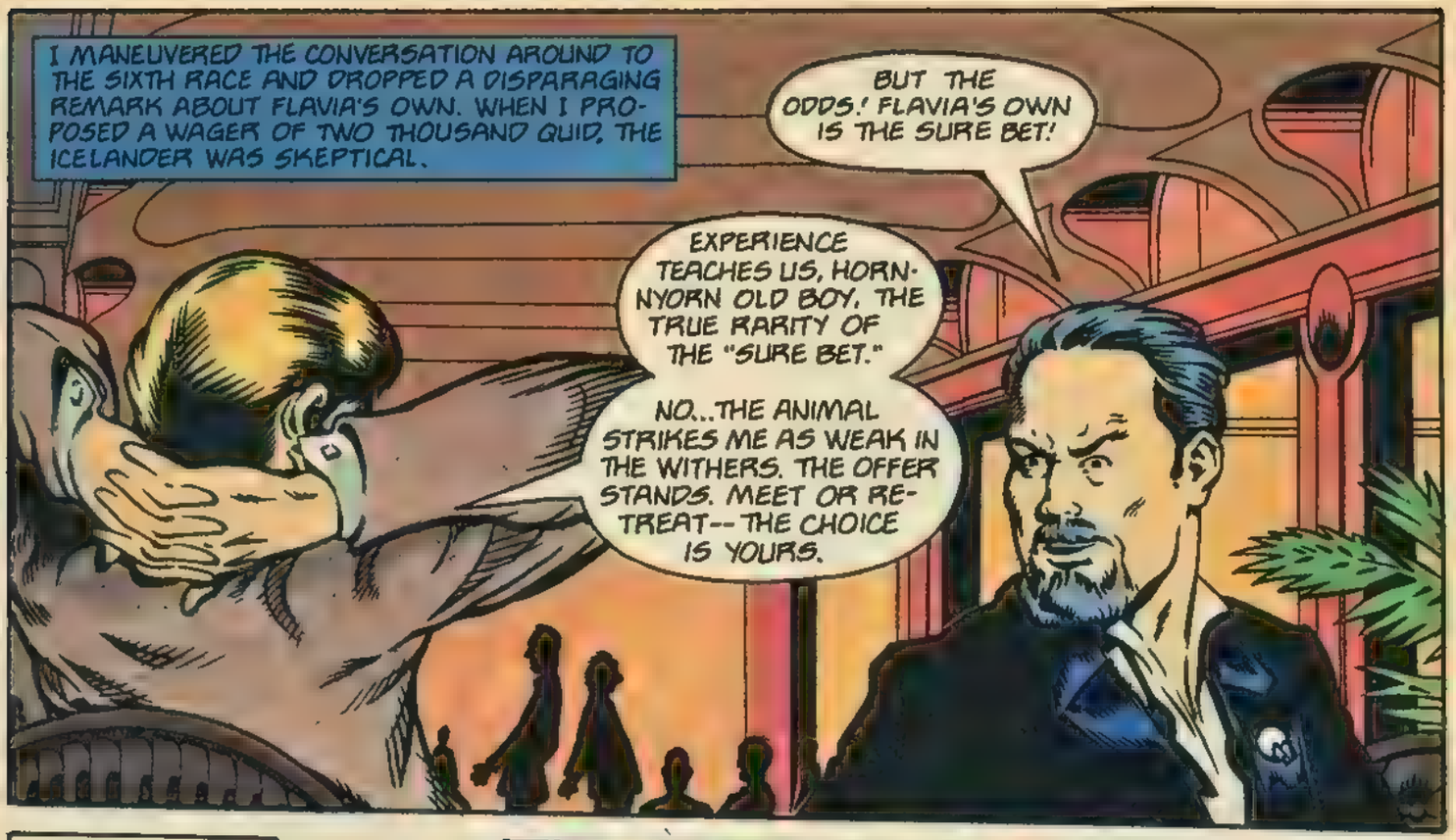
DAMN! I WAS HOPING FOR THE LONG ODDS. I'LL NEVER GET ANY-WHERE ON SIX-TO-FIVE!
OH...AUNT CELIA TOLD YOU, THEN. ABOUT THE FAMILY FORTUNE.
YES, AND IF I DON'T FIND UNCLE GRENVILLE IN AFRICA AND PERSUADE HIM TO SEND HOME THE WEALTH HE'S SQUEEZED FROM THE NATIVES, I CAN KISS MY MONTHLY ALLOWANCE GOODBYE!
AND MINE AS WELL.
SUDDENLY A STRANGE SENSATION COURSED THROUGH MY BODY! A CHILL RAN THROUGH THE WALLOP FRAME, MY SPINE STIFFENED, AND THE EXPRESSION ON MY FACE PROMPTED FLAVIA TO REMARK--
WHAT HO, HEMPY? SOMEONE DROP A LIVE EEL DOWN YOUR BACK?
DUUBADAH!
DUUBADAH! DUUBADAH!
REALLY, HEMPSTED, I WAS HAV-ING QUITE A LOVELY TIME BEFORE YOU STARTED POPPING UP AND DOWN YELLING "DOO-BA-DA"!
HE'S HERE, FLAVIA-- UNCLE GRENVILLE'S AFRICAN MANSERVANT, DUUBADAH!
HE'S TRYING TO ATTRACT MY ATTENTION WITH HIS PSIONIC POWERS!

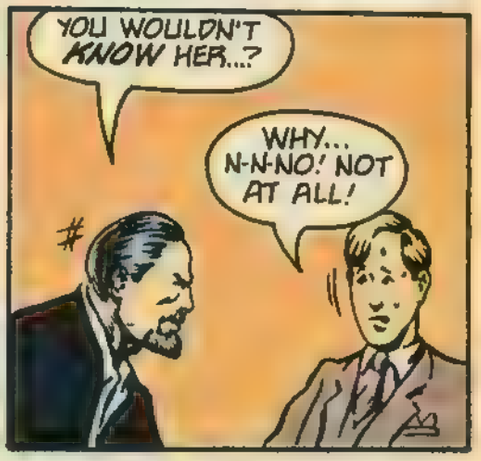
QUICK--THE BINOCS! I THINK I'VE SPOTTED HIM!
THAT'S HIM, ALL RIGHT--UP IN THE LORDS' CLUB. BUT WHO'S THAT BLIGHTER WITH HIM?
COME ON! IF ANYONE CAN LEAD US TO UNCLE GRENVILLE, IT'S DUUBADAH!
BUT WE CAN'T BARGE INTO THE LORDS' CLUB! THEY'LL HAVE US ON OUR EARS!
I RECEIVED A STRONG MENTAL IMAGE OF THE BETTING BOOTHS! DUUBADAH WILL NO DOUBT MEET US THERE!
AFTER A QUICK ROUND OF INTRODUCTIONS WE GOT DOWN TO BUSINESS, TO WIT: HOW HAD DUUBADAH BEEN PRIED FROM THE SERVICE OF MY UNCLE GRENVILLE?
THE PLACE--BANGUI. THE WAGER--MY CONTRACT. THE OUTCOME FAVORED MY CURRENT EMPLOYER.
HARD TO FEATURE, THAT. UNCLE GRENVILLE WAS ISLAND CHAMP AT CRIBBAGE BEFORE EMBARKING TO THE DARK CONTINENT!
IN A WORD--CRIBBAGE, YOUNG SIR.
ALAS, I HAVE PERCEIVED IN MY EMPLOYER A CERTAIN DUPLICITY OF MANNER. I FEAR THE CONTEST WITH YOUR UNCLE WAS NOT BOUND ENTIRELY BY SKILL AND FORTUNE.
EH? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
HE'S SAYING THAT THE LOUSE SLIPPED UNCLE GRENVILLE A MARKED DECK, SKUNKED THE WAGER AND WALKED OFF WITH DUUBADAH'S CONTRACT AS ILLGOTTEN GAINS!

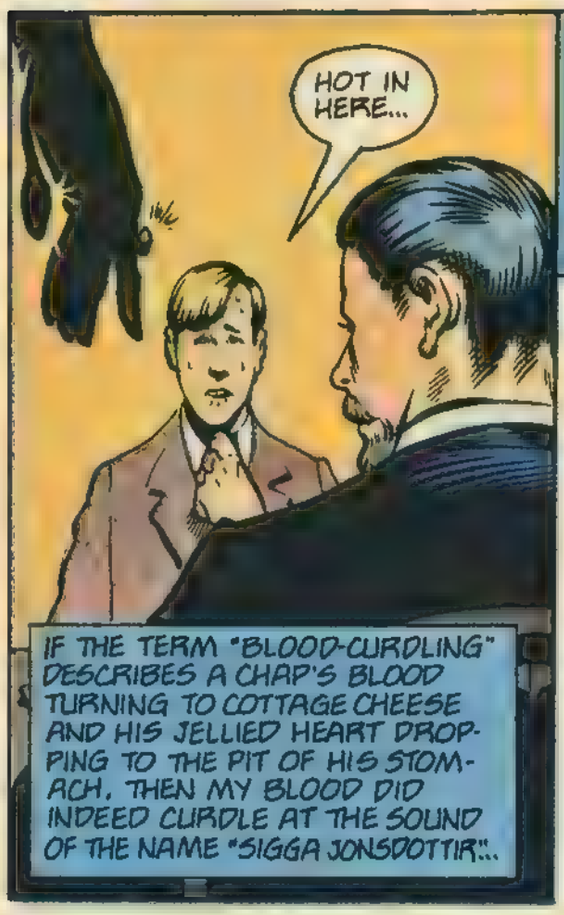
WHAT! YOU MEAN HE CHEATED?
I SAY! IMAGINE THE GALL! LEAD ME TO HIM, DUUBADAH! I'LL SHOW HIM WHAT IT MEANS TO TRIFLE WITH WALLOPPS AND THEIR UNCLES!
YOU HAVE SEIZED MY MEANING MOST ADMIRABLY, YOUNG SIR.
ALTERNATIVELY, IF DUUBADAH MAY BE ALLOWED THE INDULGENCE OF A SUGGESTION...?
ONE THING I'VE LEARNED--WHEN DUUBADAH REFERS TO HIMSELF IN THAT SELF-EFFACING, THIRD-PERSON MANNER OF HIS, IT'S TIME FOR WISE MEN TO COCK AN EAR, WHICH I PROMPTLY DID.
SUPPOSE THE YOUNG SIR WERE TO PROPOSE TO MY CURRENT EMPLOYER A WAGER--LET US SAY, ON THE SIXTH RACE. AT STAKES, MY CONTRACT VERSUS A SIZEABLE SUM OF MONEY.
MY EMPLOYER FAVORS FLAVIA'S OWN QUITE STRONGLY. IF FLAVIA'S OWN WERE NOT TO WIN THE SIXTH, THE YOUNG SIR AND I WOULD BE FREE TO EMBARK ON THE REQUIRED EXPEDITION.
DUUBADAH, YOU'VE FAILED ME.
IN THE FIRST PLACE, WE HAVEN'T ANY "SIZEABLE SUM OF MONEY" TO WAGER AGAINST YOUR CONTRACT. AND SECONDLY, FLAVIA'S OWN IS A SURE BET IN THE SIXTH.
HEMPSTED'S RIGHT, DUUBADAH. WE'VE LITTLE MONEY AND FLAVIA'S OWN IS SIX-TO-FIVE. I'M AFRAID YOUR PLAN'S A BUST.
IF DUUBADAH MIGHT BE ALLOWED FURTHER OBSERVATION...?

REGARDING STAKES-- THE SUM IS REQUIRED ONLY IF THE WAGER IS LOST. I HAVE PLANNED FOR THAT CONTINGENCY.
AS FOR THE RACE ITSELF, EXPERIENCE TEACHES US THE TRUE RARITY OF THE "SURE BET." PERHAPS IF THE YOUNG LADY WERE TO SHARE HER INTIMATE KNOWLEDGE OF THE STEED...
...WELL...ONE SHIES FROM THE WORD "SABOTAGE"...
STILL, I BELIEVE I SEE YOUR POINT. YES. YES...INDEED.
IT'S AN OUT-SIDE CHANCE, BUT LISTEN TO THIS. WE'LL HAVE TO WORK QUICKLY...
DUUBADAH INTRODUCED ME TO HIS CURRENT EMPLOYER, ONE "THORBJORN HORNNYORN".* HE WAS AN ICELANDER, AND AN EXPLORER TO BOOT (WHICH IS THE BEST THING TO DO WITH EXPLORERS, I'VE FOUND).

*TOR-BYORN HORN-NYORN


I MANEUVERED THE CONVERSATION AROUND TO THE SIXTH RACE AND DROPPED A DISPARAGING REMARK ABOUT FLAVIA'S OWN. WHEN I PROPOSED A WAGER OF TWO THOUSAND QUID, THE ICELANDER WAS SKEPTICAL.
BUT THE ODDS! FLAVIA'S OWN IS THE SURE BET!
EXPERIENCE TEACHES US, HORNNYORN OLD BOY, THE TRUE RARITY OF THE "SURE BET."
NO...THE ANIMAL STRIKES ME AS WEAK IN THE WITHERS. THE OFFER STANDS. MEET OR RETREAT--THE CHOICE IS YOURS.




HOT IN HERE...
IF THE TERM "BLOOD-CURDLING" DESCRIBES A CHAP'S BLOOD TURNING TO COTTAGE CHEESE AND HIS JELLIED HEART DROPPING TO THE PIT OF HIS STOMACH, THEN MY BLOOD DID INDEED CURDLE AT THE SOUND OF THE NAME "SIGGA JONSDOTTIR"...

...FOR THIS WAS THE VERY SAME ICELANDIC VIPER I'D FLED--WHEN I'D GOT THE CHANCE--LIKE A RODENT FROM THE JAWS OF AN ASP.
WELL, WELL...HEMPSTED WALLOPP. IMAGINE SEEING YOU AGAIN.

*SIG-GA YONS-DOTTER

YOU KNOW THIS MAN, SIGGA?
WE'VE MET. IN REYKJAVIK, WASN'T IT, MR. WALLOPP?
YES... REYKJAVIK.
BUT YOU JUST NOW TOLD ME YOU DIDN'T KNOW MY FIANCEE, MR. WALLOPP!
OH, DID I? I REALLY CAN'T RECALL. PERHAPS YOU MISTOOK MY MEANING.
BE THAT AS IT MAY, WE'RE ALL HERE TOGETHER AT LAST, EH? I PROPOSE A TOAST TO THE SIXTH.'
TO THE SIXTH? THE SIXTH RACE, YOU MEAN? WHATEVER FOR, MR. WALLOPP?
MR. WALLOPP OFFERS TWO THOUSAND QUID AT EVEN ODDS... AGAINST FLAVIA'S OWN. I'M TEMPTED TO ACCEPT.
UNFORTUNATELY OUR MONEY'S ALREADY IN THE BETTING BOOTH EARNING A SCANT SIX-TO-FIVE. IF YOU'D BEEN HERE EARLIER...
AH, MORE'S THE PITY. WELL, IT WAS PROBABLY A FOOLISH WAGER ANYWAY...
EXCUSE ME, SIR. I COULDN'T HELP BUT OVERHEAR. IF DUUBADAH MAY BE ALLOWED TO SUGGEST AN ALTERNATIVE...

DUUBADAH HAD INTERVENED RIGHT ON CUE AND THE WAGER WAS DECIDED: DUUBADAH'S CONTRACT AGAINST MY IMAGINARY TWO THOUSAND QUID

OH, LOOK. THEY'RE AT THE STARTING POST.

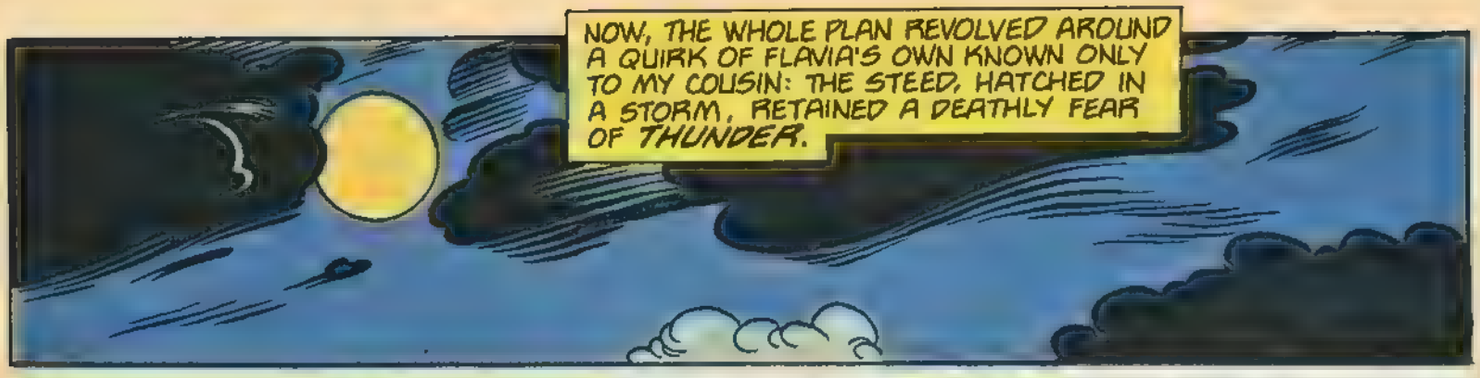
LISTEN, DUUBADAH-- ABOUT THAT *CONTINGENCY PLAN*...

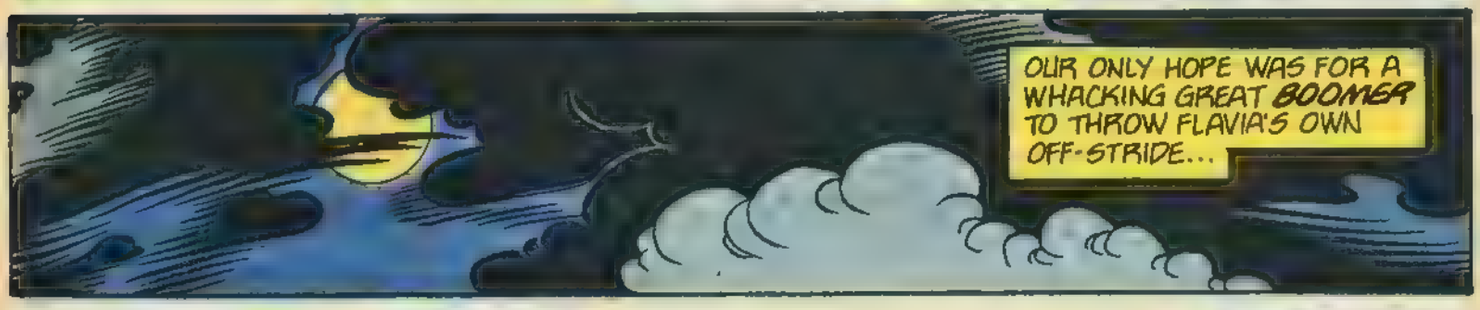
AH, YES. IF WE SHOULD LOSE...

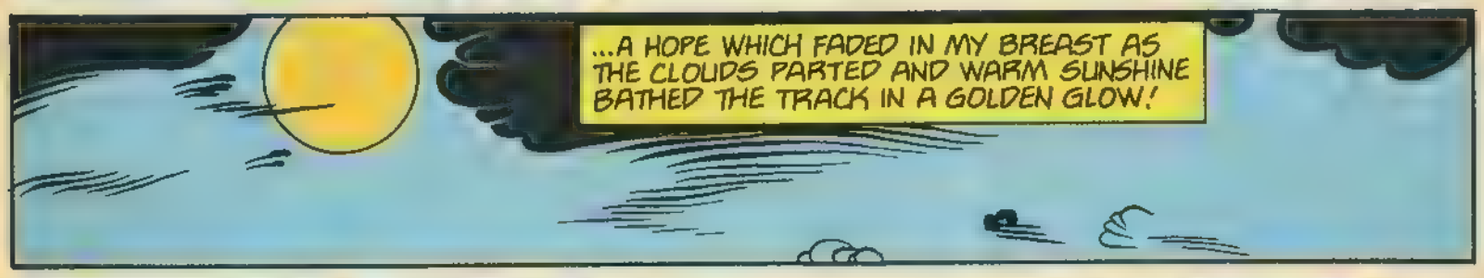
...I RECOMMEND RAPID RETREAT, LOUDLY EXCLAIMING "FIRE" TO INCITE THE CROWD AND HINDER PURSUIT.

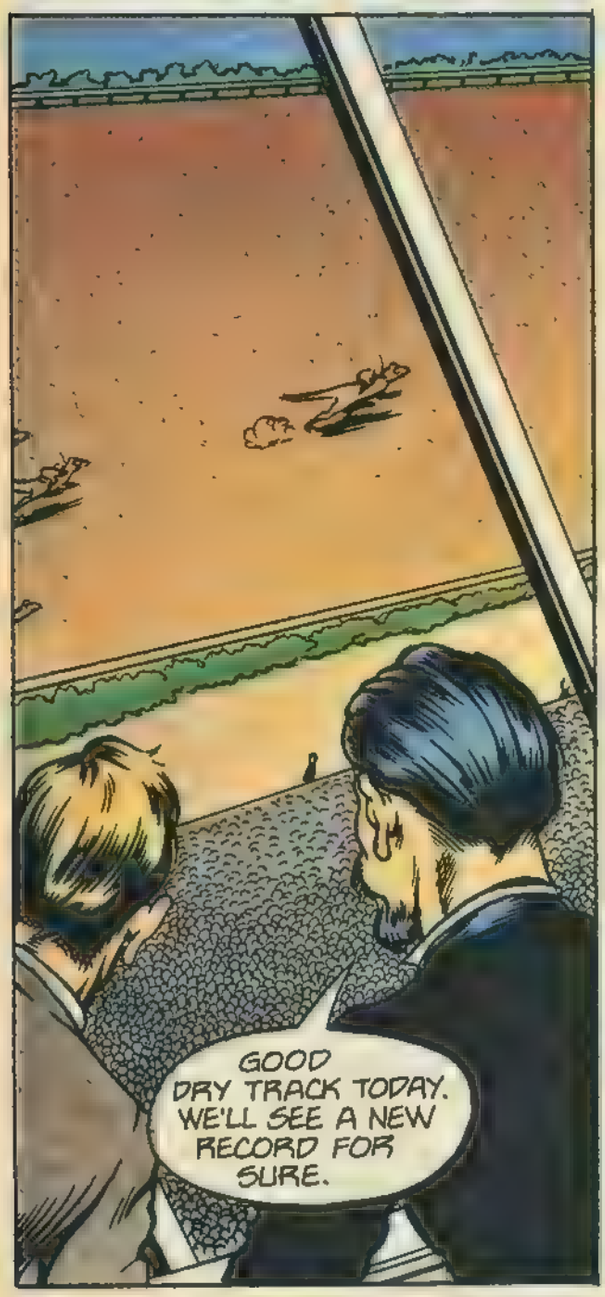
THEY'RE OFF!
IT ISN'T MUCH OF A PLAN, IS IT?

THERE HE IS-- NUMBER ELEVEN, FIRST THROUGH THE GATE! HE'S TAKING THE LEAD ALREADY!
HE'S TAKING THE LEAD, DUUBADAH!
SH!
WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT STRIDE! WHAT A BEAST! HAVE YOU EVER SEEN SOMETHING LIKE IT, MR. WALLOPP?
NO, NEVER.
11
16


NOW, THE WHOLE PLAN REVOLVED AROUND A QUIRK OF FLAVIA'S OWN KNOWN ONLY TO MY COUSIN: THE STEED, HATCHED IN A STORM, RETAINED A DEATHLY FEAR OF THUNDER.


OUR ONLY HOPE WAS FOR A WHACKING GREAT BOOMER TO THROW FLAVIA'S OWN OFF-STRIDE...

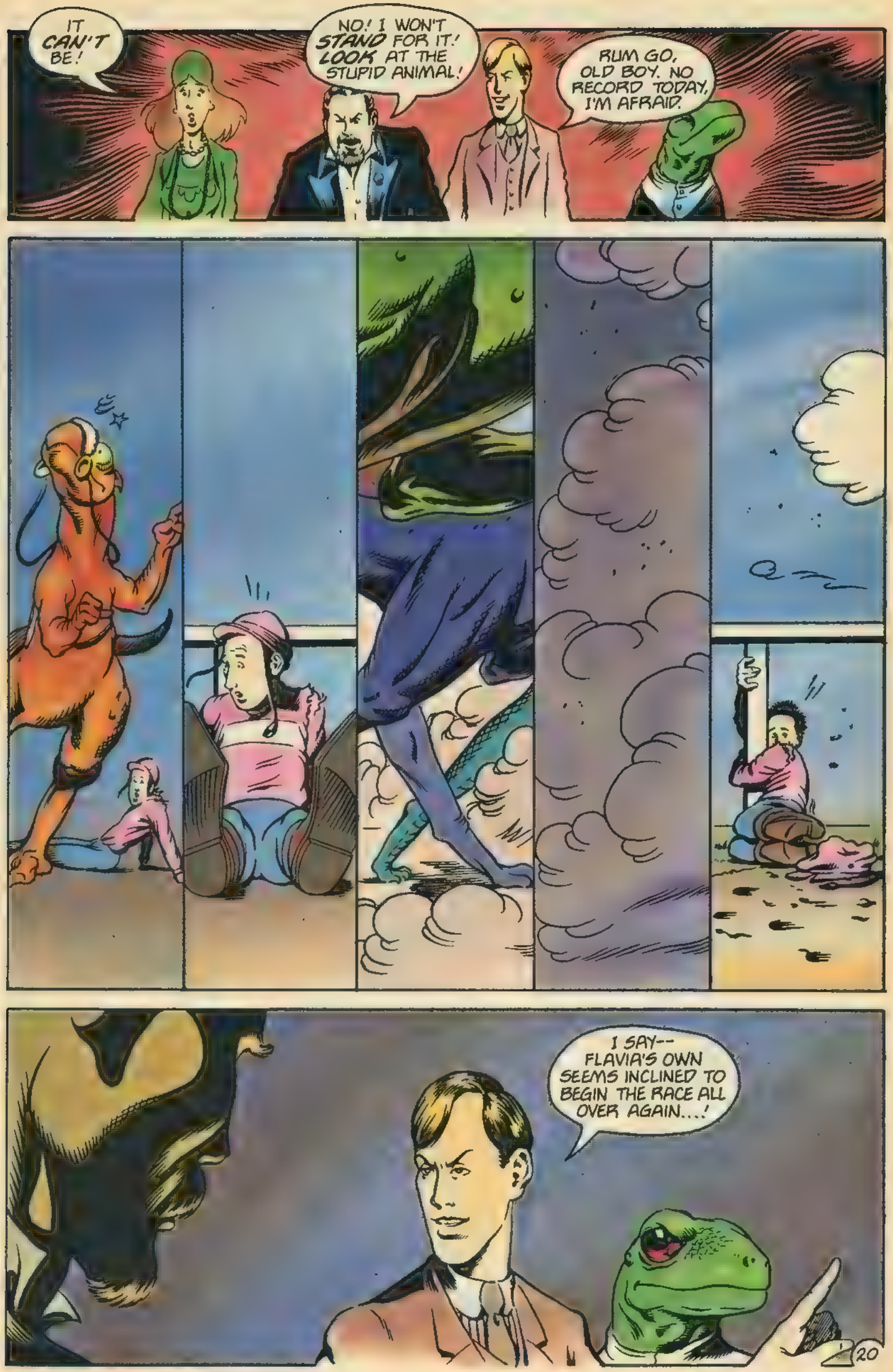

...A HOPE WHICH FADED IN MY BREAST AS THE CLOUDS PARTED AND WARM SUNSHINE BATHED THE TRACK IN A GOLDEN GLOW!


GOOD DRY TRACK TODAY. WE'LL SEE A NEW RECORD FOR SURE.

LOOKS LIKE THERE IS NO CATCHING HIM NOW, EH, WALLOPP?
NO. NO, IT SEEMS NOT.

I SHOT A SIZZLING LOOK AT DUUBADAH, A LOOK I TRUSTED WOULD BURN HIM TO THE QUICK FOR HIS LAMEBRAINED SCHEME...
...ONLY TO FIND MY FIERY STARE A PATHETIC, TEPID THING NEXT TO THE INCANDESCENT FURY THAT WAS HIS OWN.
LUCKY FOR ME, I WAS NOT THE OBJECT OF THAT STARE. NO, IT WAS FASTENED ON THE CLOUDS, AND MY HEART FLEW TO THEM IN PITY!
IN SECONDS THE SKY DARKENED ONCE AGAIN!
THE CLOUDS CRASHED TOGETHER, WRITHING IN AGONY! LIGHTNING FLASHED WITHIN THEIR BOWELS!
AND FLAVIA'S OWN TREMBLED...!
HE WAS ONCE AGAIN A HATCHLING CAST INTO A COLD, WET, BOOMING WORLD OF DARKNESS! HE BROKE HIS STRIDE, STUMBLED ...AND RECOVERED!

A RUMBLE LIKE AN EARL'S STOMACH AT MEALTIME SOUNDED FROM ABOVE! THE CROWD GLANCED HEAVENWARD...
...AND STILL FLAVIA'S OWN NEARED THE FINISH LINE A FULL THREE LENGTHS AHEAD OF TICKLISH RIB! MY HEART HAD JUST DECIDED TO QUIT BEATING WHEN SUDDENLY...
ONNNNKKG!
KRAKKA-
BOOM


IT CAN'T BE!
NO! I WON'T STAND FOR IT! LOOK AT THE STUPID ANIMAL!
RUM GO, OLD BOY. NO RECORD TODAY, I'M AFRAID.
I SAY-- FLAVIA'S OWN SEEMS INCLINED TO BEGIN THE RACE ALL OVER AGAIN...!

HE'S HEADED BACK TO THE GATE!
GROAN
GRUDGINGLY THE ICELANDER MADE GOOD HIS BET.
I ACCEPTED DUUBADAH'S CONTRACT IN A SPORTS MANLIKE MANNER AND RETREATED QUICKLY...
...NOT CARING FOR THE LOOK OF VIPEROUS HATRED IN SIGGA JONSDOTTIR'S EYES.
21

FLAVIA, MEANWHILE, HAD BROUGHT HOME A STAGGERING SUM ON THE WINNER, TICKLISH RIB, AT A-HUNDRED-TO-EIGHT.
OUR EXPEDITION WAS UNDERWAY!
mayo
TO BE CONTINUED

THE BEST COMIC OF THE '80s?

LOVE AND ROCKETS

"The pure and essential crackle of comicbooks at their best runs through these pages. Accept no substitutes."
—ALAN MOORE (Swamp Thing)

"The Hernandez Brothers are extending the parameters of the comic book form as an expressive artform . . ."
—KEN KRUGE (WBAI, New York)

"A pleasure to read over and over again—and hell, even more."
—MATT HOWARTH (Heavy Metal)

"Their stories have a naturalism that I've never seen done in any comics."
—STEVE LEIALOHA (Marvel Comics)

"One of the best things on the market."
—STEVE RUDE (Nexus)

"Everybody should be out there reading Love and Rockets."
—HOWARD CHAYKIN (American Flagg!)

"C'est une merveille . . . un dessin 'parfait'!"
—MOEBIUS (Heavy Metal)

". . . the most unpredictable fantasy and the most advanced characterization published today."
—WENDY PINI (Elfquest)

"Never before have comics produced such strong cumulative effects."
—DAVID CHUTE (L.A. Herald-Examiner)

"So real, so funny, so rich. There's no comic like it. In fact, there's nothing like it, period."
—HEIDI MacDONALD (Comics Buyer's Guide)

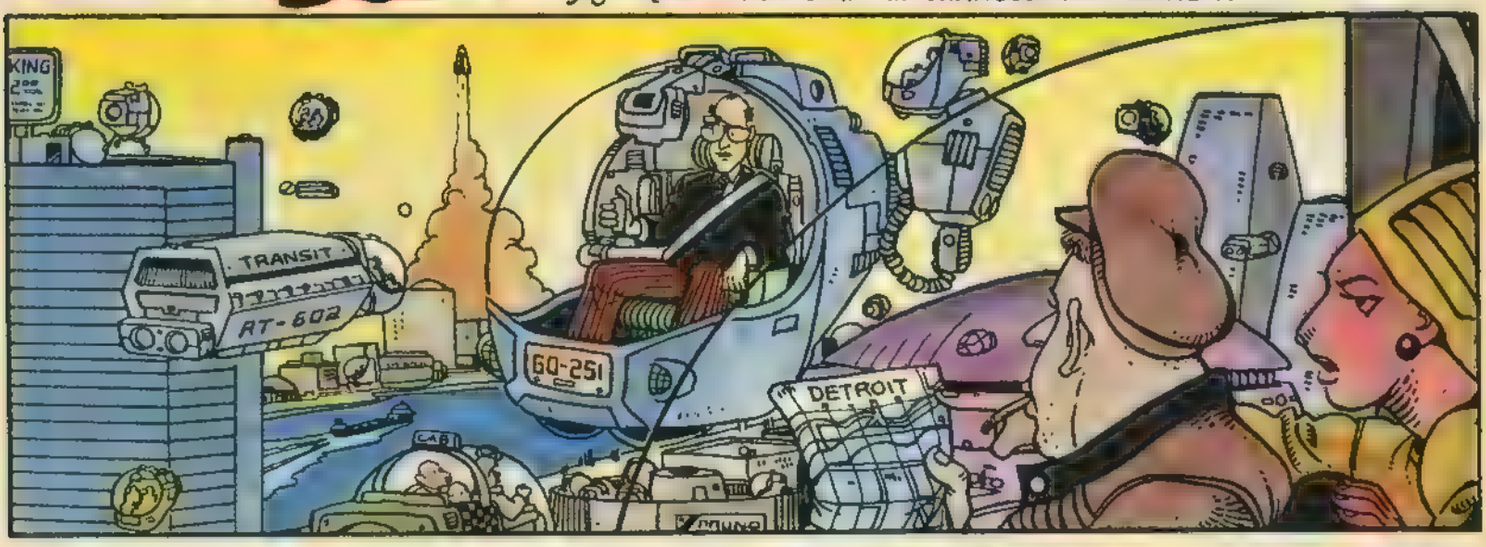
Published every other month by FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

1985 Jaime Hernandez

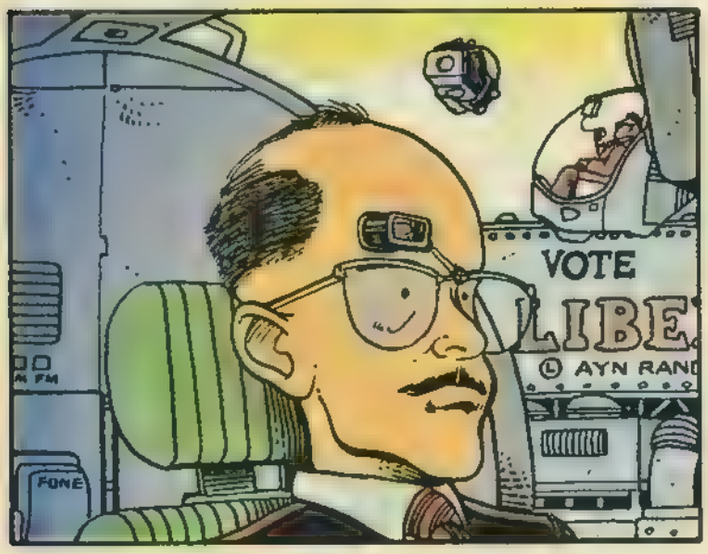
THE DRAGONS OF SUMMER

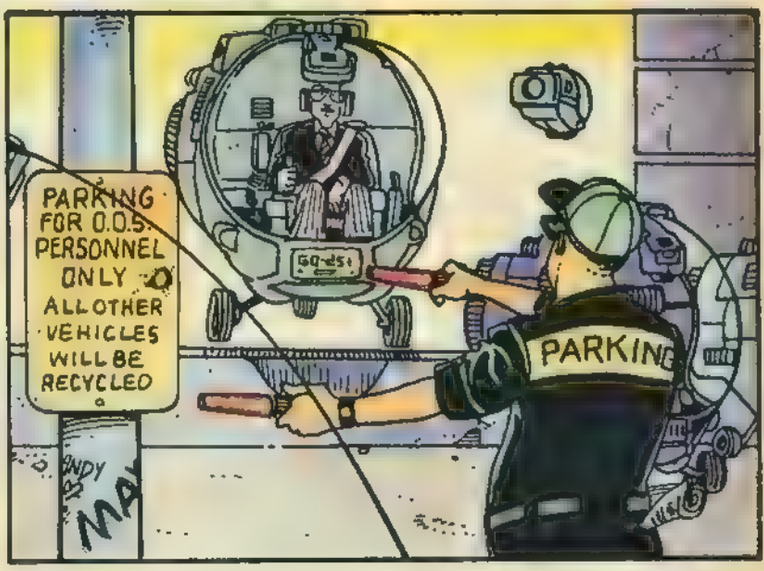
FUJITAKE '86

DREAMS ARE FUNNY THINGS. "BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU DREAM," THEY SAY. "IT MAY COME TRUE." FOR CENTURIES, HUMANKIND **DREAMED** OF SPACE TRAVEL, OF **LEAPING TO THE STARS.** 200 YEARS AGO THE LEAP WAS MADE. 50 YEARS AGO, HUMANITY CAME BACK FROM THE STARS... **CHANGED AND BROKEN.**



THE ONLY "**ALIENS**" WERE OUR OWN RESTRUCTURED AND MUTATED SELVES. THE STAR COLONIES... DIDN'T WORK OUT.

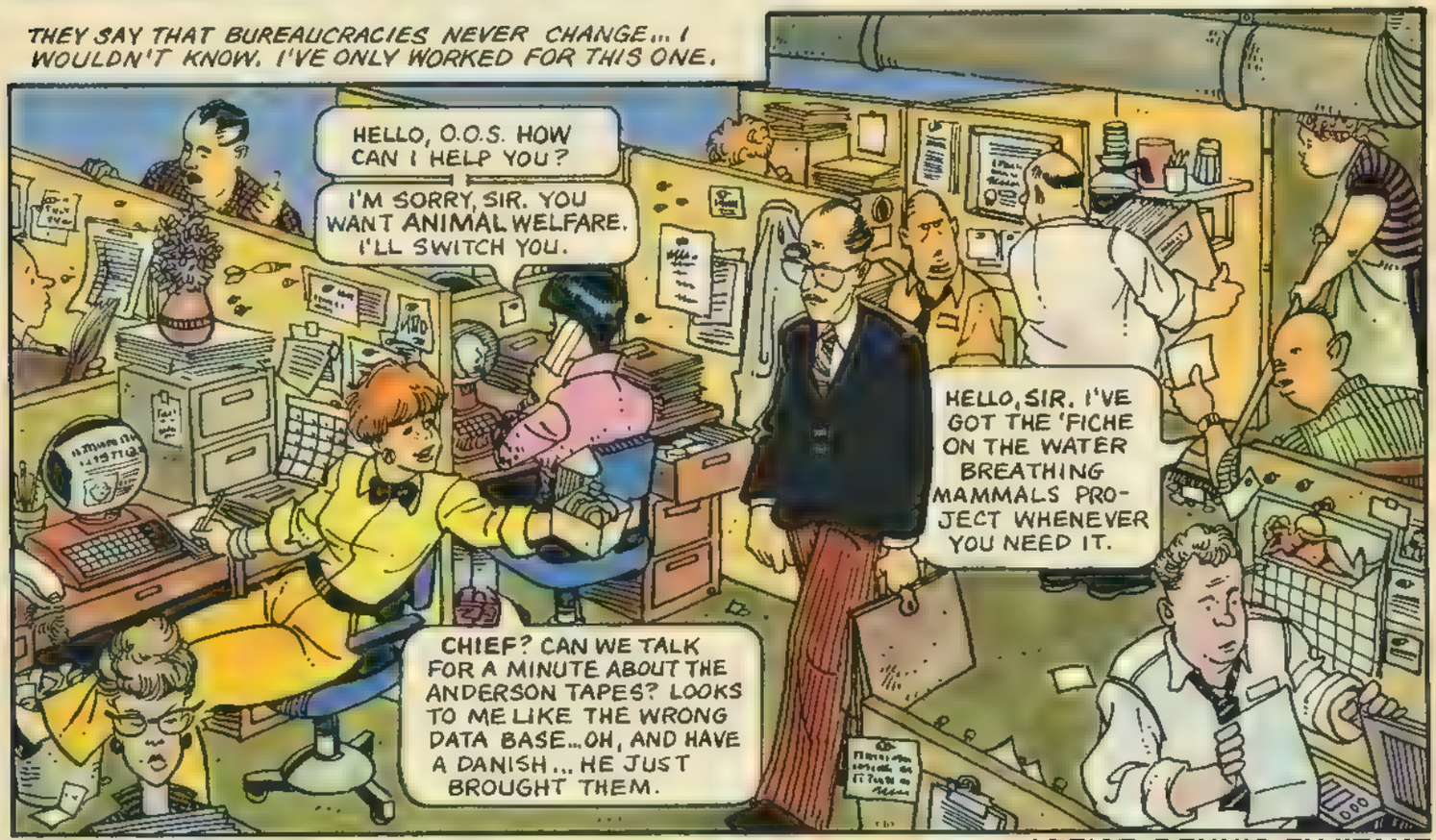




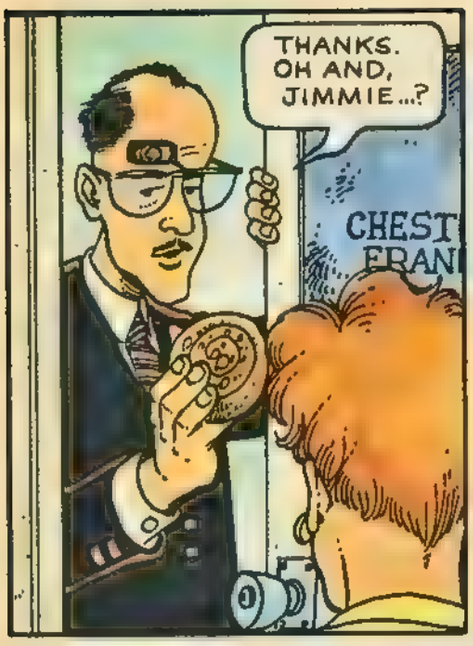
WE NOW LIVE TOGETHER ON AN AGING PLANET AND DO THE BEST WE CAN.

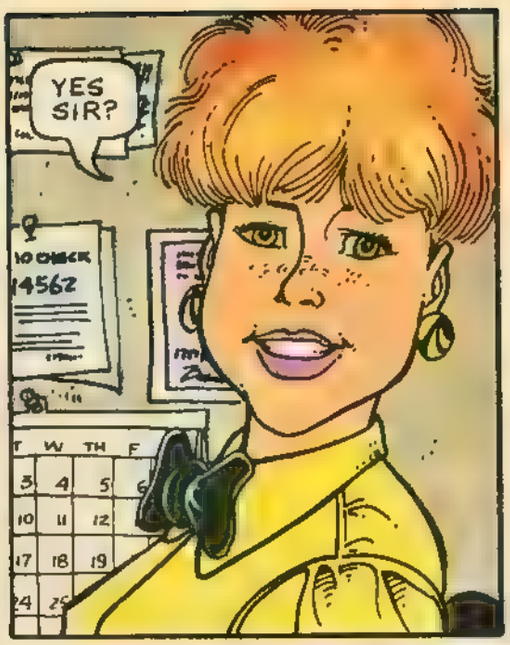
©1987 WM MESSNER-LOEBS AND D. FUJITAKE

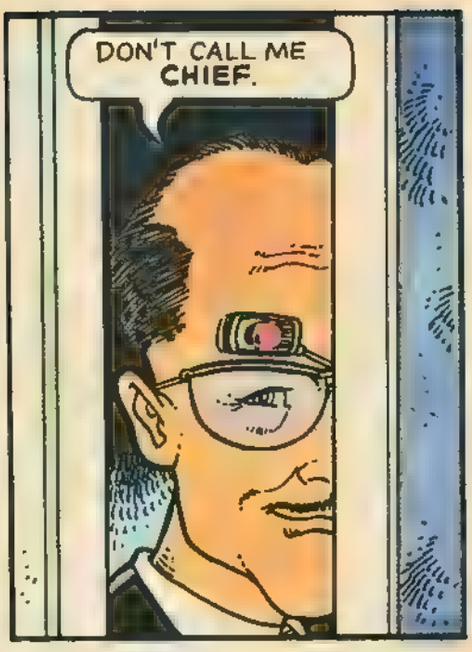
THEY SAY THAT BUREAUCRACIES NEVER CHANGE... I WOULDN'T KNOW. I'VE ONLY WORKED FOR THIS ONE.


HELLO, O.O.S. HOW CAN I HELP YOU?
I'M SORRY, SIR. YOU WANT ANIMAL WELFARE. I'LL SWITCH YOU.
HELLO, SIR. I'VE GOT THE 'FICHE ON THE WATER BREATHING MAMMALS PROJECT WHENEVER YOU NEED IT.
CHIEF? CAN WE TALK FOR A MINUTE ABOUT THE ANDERSON TAPES? LOOKS TO ME LIKE THE WRONG DATA BASE... OH, AND HAVE A DANISH... HE JUST BROUGHT THEM.

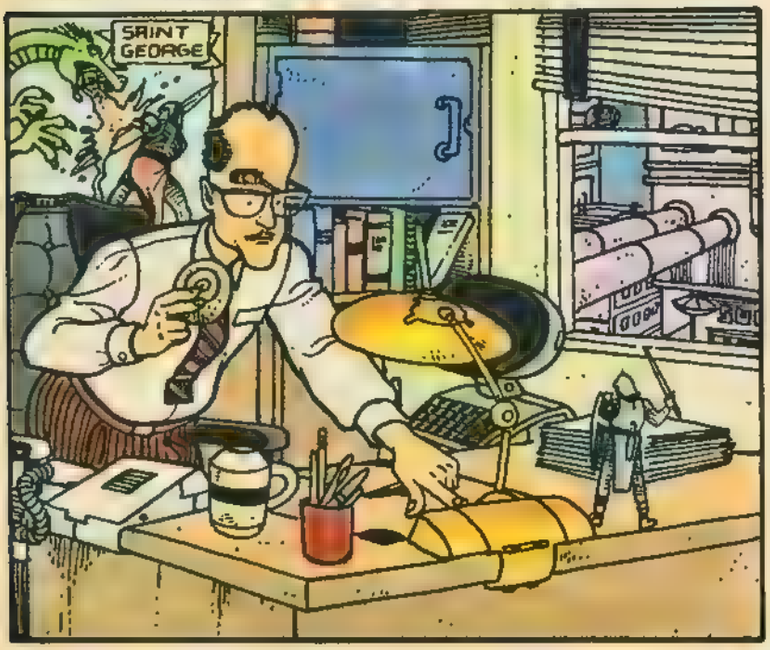
WRITER: WM. MESSNER-LOEBS **ARTIST: DENNIS FUJITAKE**



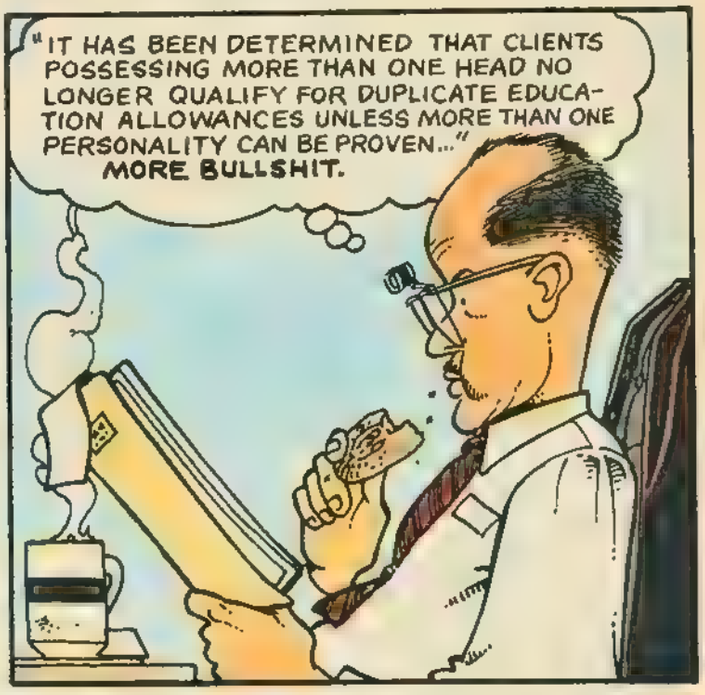




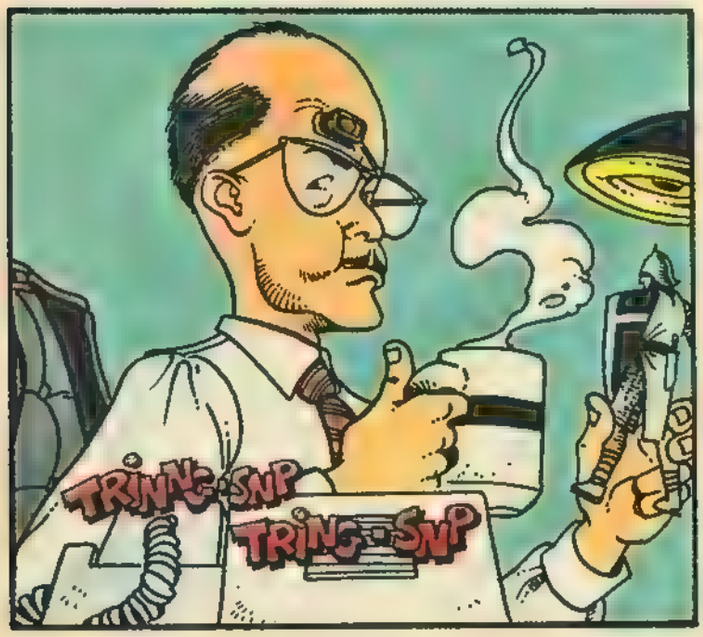
ODDLY ENOUGH, THE ORDINARY THINGS OF LIFE— EYE GLASSES, NECKTIES, DANISHES, POVERTY—SEEM TO STAY THE SAME THROUGH TIME, WHILE COMPLEX THINGS LIKE TRANSPORTATION, CHANGE CONSTANTLY. THEY CALL IT "THOMPSON'S LAW".



THE ORGANIZATION OF OMSBUD SERVICES WAS STARTED TO HELP EX-COLONIALS REINTEGRATE INTO SOCIETY.

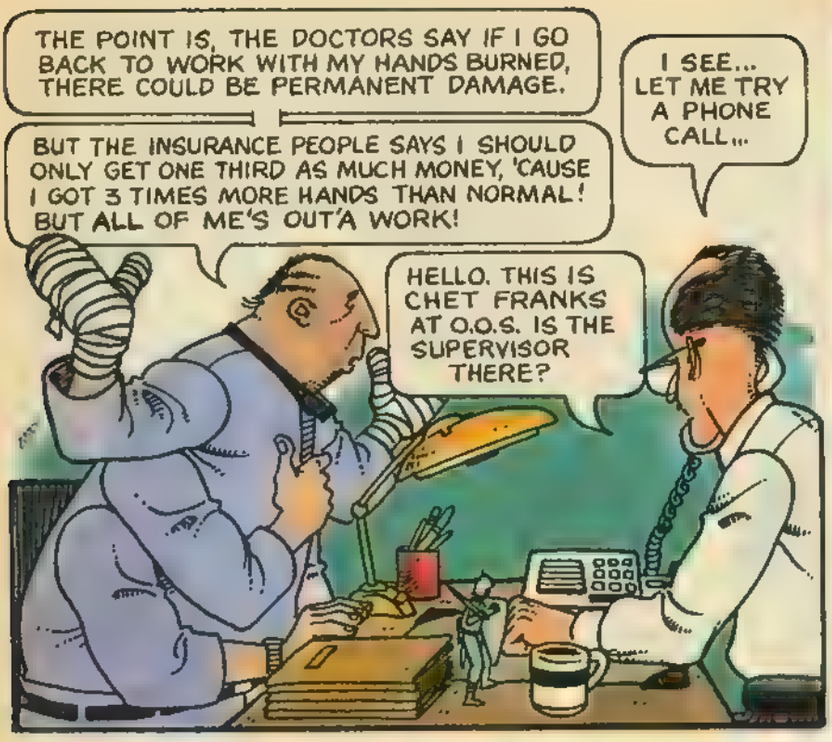

"IT HAS BEEN DETERMINED THAT CLIENTS POSSESSING MORE THAN ONE HEAD NO LONGER QUALIFY FOR DUPLICATE EDUCATION ALLOWANCES UNLESS MORE THAN ONE PERSONALITY CAN BE PROVEN..."
MORE BULLSHIT.

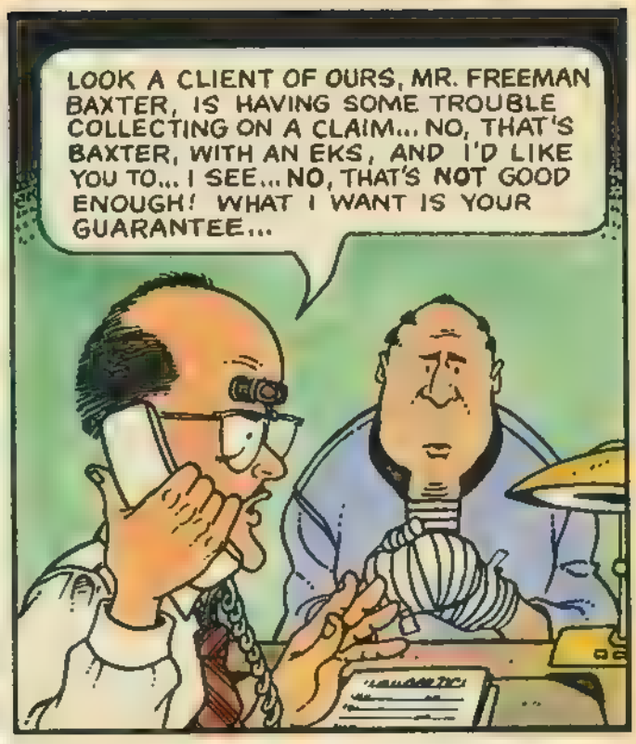
SINCE SOCIETY AT LARGE WANTS TO FORGET THAT AN EIGHTH OF THE POPULATION IS IN SOME WAY MUTATED OR ALIEN, AND CERTAINLY DOESN'T WANT TO PAY TO HELP THEM, IT MAKES MY JOB... INTERESTING.

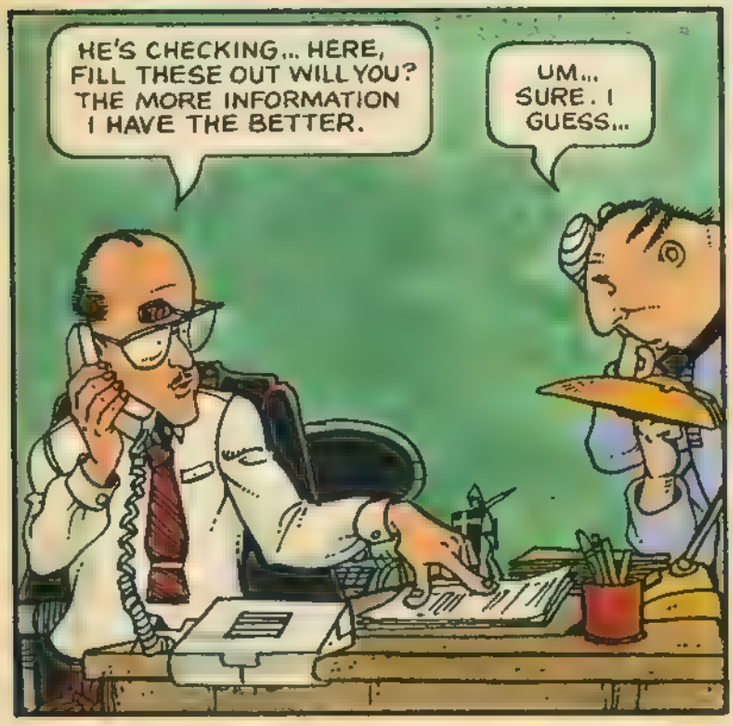


HELLO, O.O.S. FRANKS HERE.
OH, HI, BRIAN. LISTEN, ARE THEY SERIOUS ABOUT THE "PERSONALITY PROOF" CRAP? DO THEY KNOW CASEWORKERS AREN'T CHECKED OUT ON PSI-SENSORS? IT MEANS FOR EVERY APPLICATION THEY'LL HAVE TO FIND A TECH AND...
YEAH, I KNOW. I KNOW YOU DON'T MAKE THE RULES...

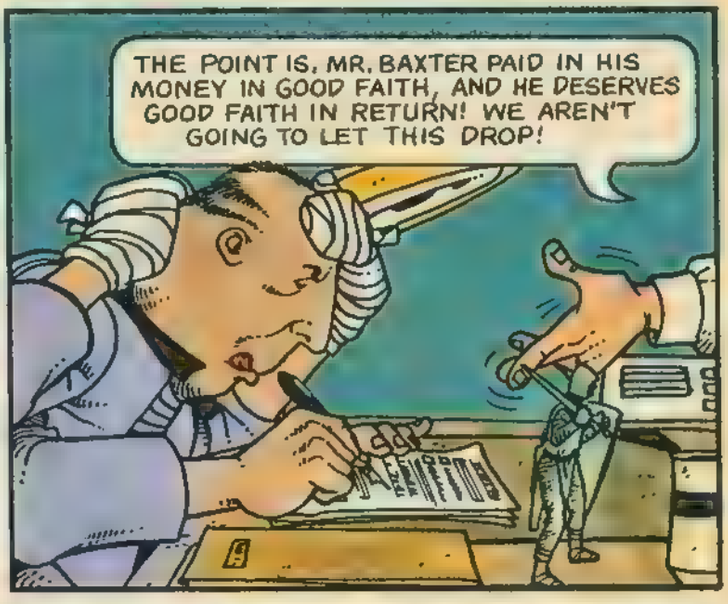
SO, WHAT CAN I DO FOR ... OH, YEAH, THE PROSTHETIC FACE ALLOCATIONS... 198 CREDITS PER? THAT DOES SOUND HIGH. GIVE ME THE CODE ON THAT... NO, I DON'T SEE A THIRD LEVEL AUTHORIZATION ON IT.
I'LL TELL YOU WHO YOU SHOULD NETWORK WITH ON THIS—BONITA KREBS. SHE'S EXEC FIFTH-LEVEL AT UNITED POLYMERS. I'M SURE SHE CAN GET YOU A BETTER QUOTE... NO, SORRY, NO LUNCH FOR ME, BRIAN. I'VE GOT A TEN O'CLOCK THEN I'VE GOT TO WADE THROUGH REPORTS 'TIL THREE.
EXCUSE ME, CHIEF. WE'VE GOT A PROBLEM OUT HERE.
RIGHT, BRIAN... LOOK, I'LL CATCH YOU LATER. 'BYE.
LET ME GO! I GOTTA SEE THE HEAD GUY! I GOTTA SEE THE GUY IN CHARGE!
I'VE GOT THE QUIET GAS. HOLD HIM STILL.
I'M CHESTER FRANKS, REGIONAL DIRECTOR. WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE PROBLEM?
GODDAMN PAPERWORK'S THE PROBLEM! GODDAMN RUNAROUND! NOBODY LISTENS IS THE PROBLEM! CRACK A FEW SKULLS IS THE ANSWER.
MARCIA, ARE YOU GIVING A RUNAROUND TO MR...?
HIS NAME IS FREEMAN BAXTER, SIR.
AND NO I WASN'T. HIS INSURANCE UNDERPAID ON A CLAIM, BUT HE WOULDN'T...
TOO DAMN MUCH PAPER! I WANT MY GODDAMN MONEY!
WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME ABOUT IT IN MY OFFICE? IT'S COOLER AND WE CAN TALK THIS OVER.
WELL, OKAY. BUT NO GODDAMN PAPERWORK!


THE POINT IS, THE DOCTORS SAY IF I GO BACK TO WORK WITH MY HANDS BURNED, THERE COULD BE PERMANENT DAMAGE.
BUT THE INSURANCE PEOPLE SAYS I SHOULD ONLY GET ONE THIRD AS MUCH MONEY, 'CAUSE I GOT 3 TIMES MORE HANDS THAN NORMAL! BUT ALL OF ME'S OUT'A WORK!
I SEE... LET ME TRY A PHONE CALL...
HELLO. THIS IS CHET FRANKS AT O.O.S. IS THE SUPERVISOR THERE?

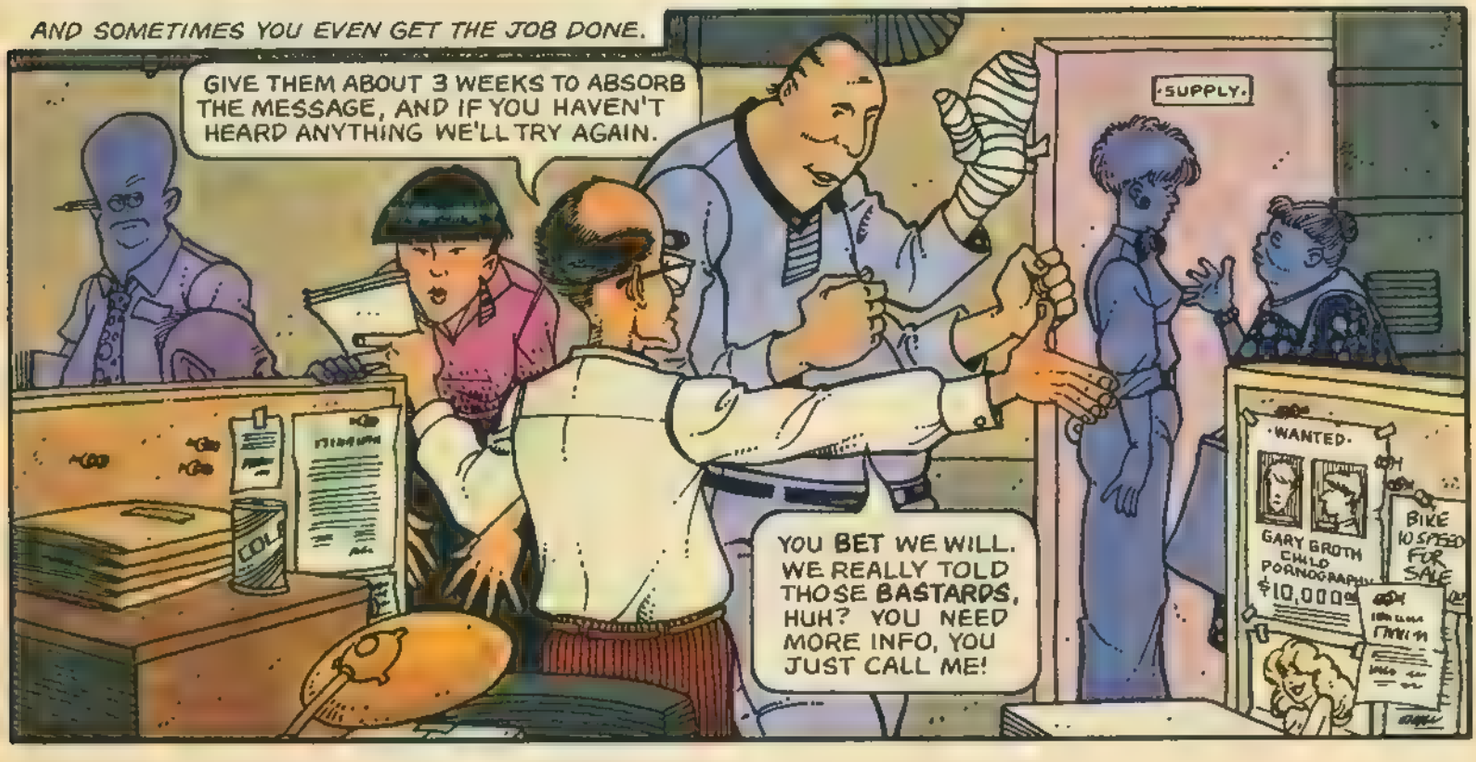

LOOK A CLIENT OF OURS, MR. FREEMAN BAXTER, IS HAVING SOME TROUBLE COLLECTING ON A CLAIM... NO, THAT'S BAXTER, WITH AN EKS, AND I'D LIKE YOU TO... I SEE... NO, THAT'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH! WHAT I WANT IS YOUR GUARANTEE...



PHONE CALLS VERY SELDOM WORK, BUT CLIENTS LIKE THEM. SHOVELING PAPER AT A BIG COMPANY IS INFINITELY MORE EFFECTIVE, BUT CLIENTS HATE IT. SO, YOU **COMPROMISE.**



AND SOMETIMES YOU EVEN GET THE JOB DONE.


GIVE THEM ABOUT 3 WEEKS TO ABSORB THE MESSAGE, AND IF YOU HAVEN'T HEARD ANYTHING WE'LL TRY AGAIN.
YOU BET WE WILL. WE REALLY TOLD THOSE BASTARDS, HUH? YOU NEED MORE INFO, YOU JUST CALL ME!
SUPPLY.
WANTED.
GARY GROTH CHILD PORNOGRAPHY $10,000
BIKE 10 SPEED FOR SALE

I'M SORRY ABOUT THAT, SIR. ONE MINUTE HE WAS REAL CALM AND THE NEXT HE WAS SCREAMING. I SWEAR I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, MARCIA. SOMETIMES THE TITLE GIVES YOU AN EDGE.

SOMETIMES CLIENTS JUST NEED TO FEEL THEY'RE HAVING AN EFFECT. I CALLED AN ASSISTANT V.P. AND GAVE HIM MERRY HELL FOR FIVE MINUTES. IT PROBABLY WON'T...

EXCUSE ME, CHIEF...

SHE SEEMS REALLY DESPERATE, BUT I'VE NEVER HEARD THIS LANGUAGE BEFORE.

MFFL EEP PLOFF TRIM NAF GORGR! DIMMBL KEEK!

SOUNDS MARTIAN TO ME... OR MAYBE ALPHA CENTAURI WITH A LISP...?

LET ME TRY THE PSI-AMPLIFIER. SHE LOOKS REGELLIAN TO ME AND ABOUT 10 PERCENT OF REGELLIANS ARE ESPERS. A LOT OF THEM NEVER LEARNED TO VOCALIZE.

WHAT... IS... WANTED?

...BATHROOM...!

ANOTHER TRIUMPH OF EDUCATION AND EXPERIENCE.

NOW IF I CAN JUST BE UNINTERRUPTED UNTIL I FINISH THESE REPORTS, I MAY HAVE TIME FOR A SANDWICH.

KNOCK KNOCK

YES...?

OH, YES... MY TEN O'CLOCK APPOINTMENT.
I'M RALPH MORGUE. YOU WANTED T'SEE ME?
SORRY, CHIEF. HE PUSHED BY ME!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, JIMMIE. HE'S EXPECTED.
DID I UPSET Y'R LITTLE BUREAUCRATIC SCHEDULE? WELL, SLAP MY WRIST.
I'LL FILE A PROTEST WITH YOUR DEPARTMENT IF YOU BULLY MY STAFF AGAIN. WHICH IS WHY YOU'RE HERE TO SEE ME, I BELIEVE.
YEH. THE REVIEW BOARD REAMED MY ASS GOOD OVER THE LAST REPORT YOU FILED.
YOU ATTACKED SEVERAL CLIENTS IN THEIR HOMES AND WHEN THE CASEWORKER OBJECTED, YOU THREATENED HIM WITH ASSAULT.
HEY, I WAS ON A CASE! THE GINKKOS LOOKED LIKE THEY MIGHT KNOW SOMETHING... SO I PUSHED A LITTLE.
YOU SHOT UP A WEDDING RECEPTION!
I SAID I WAS FRIGGIN' SORRY! YOU SIT IN Y'R DINKY LITTLE OFFICE AND GIVE ME SHIT OVER WHAT I DO IN THE STREETS! WELL, I COULD GIVE A DAMN!
I'VE LOST 9 PARTNERS THIS YEAR AND SOME JUNKIE POISONED MY HAMSTER! I KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE OUT THERE!
THAT DOESN'T GIVE YOU THE RIGHT TO THREATEN TO MAKE A MAN EAT HIS OWN ANTENNAE...

I DO MY JOB AND IF A FEW GINKKO FEELINGS GET BENT, TOUGH. REAL TOUGH. IF THE ALIENS DON'T LIKE IT HERE WITH HUMANS, THEY CAN FLY AWAY.
I AM RAPIDLY TIRING OF YOUR ATTITUDE, MR. MORGUE.
WHATEVER IS "ALIEN" ABOUT THESE PEOPLE WAS CAUSED ENVIRONMENTALLY. WE ARE ALL "HUMAN" AND I WILL THANK YOU TO REMEMBER THAT WHILE YOU'RE IN MY OFFICE.
HEY, MAN, WE'RE ALL GARBAGE AND MAYBE ALL WE DESERVE IS A BULLET IN THE SWEETBREADS, BUT I'M A BETTER GRADE OF GARBAGE THAN THE SLIME OUT THERE, SO ON THE STREET, I DECIDE WHO GETS IT 'TIL I GET MINE.
I THINK PERHAPS YOUR SUPERIORS WOULD BE INTERESTED IN THAT PHILOSOPHY.
DON'T BOTHER. I'M ALL THEY GOT TO DO WHAT THEY WANT DONE. THEY WON'T FIRE ME 'CAUSE THEY NEED ME.
NO SMOKING FED. ORD. 2647
NOW, I AIN'T SLEPT IN 3 DAYS, SO I'M GONNA SCARFE A STEAK, SHANK A WHORE AND CATCH FORTY. SEE YA!
A HERO FOR OUR TIME.
SAINT GEORGE
CLIK!
WHAT A WASTED EFFORT THAT WAS...OH, WELL, ANOTHER HOUR AND I'M DUE AT A STAFF MEETING. ONE THING ABOUT AN EVENTFUL MORNING, THE REST OF THE DAY IS PRETTY QUIET.
TZZZZZZZ
YES?
CHIEF, SORRY TO DISTURB YOU, BUT YOU'D BETTER GET OUT HERE...
THERE'S SOME KIND OF DINOSAUR SWIMMING UP THE DETROIT RIVER RIGHT AT US!
CONT'D.

LIQUIDATION SALE!

Lord Gekkus is trying to liquidate the Holo Brothers.

© 1987 Jim Rohn

© 1987 Dave Harrison & Jay Geldhof

The Club Montserrat Rastas are trying to liquidate Bob Mercenary.

The little guy with the wrench is tryIng to liquidate mutants.

© 1987 Gary Fields

© 1987 M. Kraiger

And the chemical companies are trying to liquidate New Jersey.

If things keep on going this way, it's liable to become a very fluid situation.

THREAT!

is a four-part harmony of exotic adventure, gallows humor, political satire, and naked aggression that's coming to a crescendo in issue #12. Now is the time to catch up on back issues.

Please send me:

- ☐ #2 — $2.50 _____
- ☐ #3 — $2.50 _____
- ☐ #4 — $2.50 _____
- ☐ #5 — $2.50 _____
- ☐ #6 — $2.50 _____
- ☐ #7 — $2.50 _____
- ☐ #8 — $2.50 _____
- ☐ #9 — $2.50 _____

Total encl'd: _____

Make checks payable and mail to:

Threat, 4359 Cornell Road, Agoura, CA 91301

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

CRITTERS:

A GREAT NEW TRADITION IN FUNNY-ANIMALS!

Every month, **Critters** continues to present the best and the brightest cartoonists working in the funny-animal field. Just look at what we've lined up for the next three issues:

CRITTERS #11 (December, 1986) is our special double-sized Christmas issue, with a big **sixty-three** pages of great funny-animal antics! This issue includes new work by all the previous **Critters** contributors—MARK ARMSTRONG, MIKE KAZALEH, SAM KIETH, STEVE LAFLER, FREDDY MILTON, STAN SAKAI, TOM STAZER, and TY TEMPLETON—plus a strip by new talents JOHN HOLLAND and RON WILBER, all under a new cover by KEN MACKLIN!

CRITTERS #12 (January, 1987) spotlights the sensational return of STEVEN A. GALLACCI's "Birthright," with a cover painting by Gallacci! Also in this issue, a feature-length "Grand Wazoo" tale by SAM KIETH, and—for the very first time in **Critters**—a new story by **Omaha the Cat Dancer**'s REED WALLER and KATE WORLEY!

CRITTERS #13 (February, 1987) re-introduces FREDDY MILTON's "Gnuff" series, with a romance taking place in the 1800s! Also in this issue, the exciting continuation of "Birthright," and "The Origin of Surfing" by MARK ARMSTRONG!

. . . and coming up in CRITTERS #14

In his final appearance in **Critters** before he gets his own book, STAN SAKAI's Usagi Yojimbo meets up with the rhinoceros bounty hunter again. Plus the continuations of "Gnuff" and "Birthright II."

Yes! I want to be part of the new tradition of funny-animals! Send me the following issues of **Critters**:

- ☐ **#11:** 68-page all-star Christmas issue. ($4.25)
- ☐ **#12:** "Birthright II" premieres, plus Waller and Kieth. ($2.50)
- ☐ **#13:** "Gnuff" returns; "Birthright II" continues. ($2.50)
- ☐ **#14:** "Usagi Yojimbo," "Gnuff," more. ($2.50)
- ☐ Six-issue subscription to **Critters** beginning with #_____. ($9.00)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Send to: CRITTERS, 4359 Cornell Road, Agoura, CA 91301.

(Foreign orders: add 25 cents per copy ordered. Please allow six to eight weeks for delivery.)